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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*"Illumine prole, decet, namque landscape VALENTIN
Cassini Sculpit, unicolorque PATRIS."*

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FEBRUARY, 1842.

NEW HAVEN:

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WIDOWS.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

No. 4.

POETRY.

Ἡ φύσις αὐτὴ τοῖς ἀγράφοις νομίμοις καὶ τοῖς ἀνδραπύνοις ἤδεσσι διώριζεν.
Demothenes.

POETRY is indefinable. It is, says Shelley, "a sword of lightning, ever unsheathed, which consumes the scabbard that would contain it." Learning quickened by enthusiasm, and sagacity enlarged by wisdom, have offered as definitions, a series of splendid riddles and idle abstractions. Contradictory and confused, they confound rather than enlighten. As there is a distinct individuality in the thoughts and emotions of every mind and heart, perhaps the subtle spirit, animating all true poetry, produces upon souls variously attempered, impressions of corresponding difference: or perhaps the impalpable and evanescent spirit of poetry eludes the grasp and escapes the searching eye of analysis; like the aurora that flashes athwart the sky, leaving no trace to betray the secret of its progress. Certain it is, however, all labor in pursuit of a definition has resulted in absurdity or despair. Comprehending every solution, all do not suffice to explain it. The artifice of rhetoric, and the grace of language, utterly fail. The subtlety of Aristotle, the lucidness of Horace, the profundity of the Welsh Triads, and the volubility of Camden, are alike unsatisfactory.

Like the ancient anatomist searching for the seat of the soul, while they scrutinized the matter, the essence escaped. Nature's prayer of thanksgiving to the Creator, it is an uttered harmony of her order and beauty. It is the vocal sympathy of the moral and physical world. High and all-pervading, it chimes as the chorus-voices of the universe. Its echo comes up from the deep caverns of the earth, and its music floats over the summit of the mountain; the morning stars sang together its melodies, and the sons of God shouted for joy its choral anthems.

Poetry, in its essential nature, is immutable. It is not, as has been said, the history of intellectual progress, for it was carried higher two centuries ago than at any subsequent period. In political, scientific, and practical truth, the world has jogged on at a commendable pace; but what new truth in poetry have modern times developed? Times change and the faces of men, and new associations link new ideas, while their alliance is clearly perceptible with thoughts that have wandered through poetry from the beginning of the world. Hence, in no department of letters is there so much imitation, so much plagiarism. Virgil and Horace, Milton and Spenser, all have perpetrated splendid larceny.

Indeed, poetic truth is the only truth we can call established. Men's theories upon religion, civil polity, and law, have run riot into every variety of excess. No absurdity has been too gross, no error too mischievous to find hearty supporters among the good, the wise, and the great. On other subjects the popular theory of to-day may be stranded by the unexpected discoveries of to-morrow; while in true poetry there is always the same meaning, the same hearty love of mankind, the same struggle to lift the earth-worn spirit to a purer atmosphere. A volume containing the systems of philosophy, from Confucius to Stewart, would be a mausoleum of forgotten absurdities and exploded dogmas; while a volume of the poets would teach the same truthful lessons, from the fetterless fancy of Chaucer to the measured *gallopade* of the muse of Willis. True, it has been modified to comport with the prevailing tastes of every period, and thus far has been the mirror of its age. The muse has worn the form of scholastic lore and mock-heroic conceit; she has walked under the garb of childish simplicity and broad burlesque; she has been made to pander to the meanest vices, and been at times almost oblivious of her heaven-born prerogatives; she has stained her robes of light with the dross of the earth; but never has her form lost its original brightness. The position of poesy has been not unlike that of a noble ship riding at anchor on a wind-vexed shore; tossed hither and thither, now deluged, and now straining almost to bursting its moorings, but ever returning to the same spot; still resisting the impetuous shocks of wind and wave, awaiting in the confidence of its power the coming of a fairer season. Change has indeed often hovered over its visions; the stealthy foot-prints of men's evil passions in evil times, the hoarse jar of political revolution, and the ill-advised speculations of mad worshipers, have wrought sad havoc with the delicate tracery of its external character;

yet its essential nature has discovered the same manifestations in sunshine and in shade.

The basis and materials of poetry are not undetermined and changeable, as in science and philosophy. They have been the same in every age and clime. The visage of all times is truly and often fearfully reflected on the surface of Helicon, still its waters are the same as when they first fell from Heaven. Homer and Aeschylus as fully comprehended and as perfectly developed the essential nature of poetry, as Spenser and Shakespeare.

There is much counterfeit poetry, current in the world of letters—much that is wholly guiltless of the impress of the true guinea stamp. Thoughts too silly or too trite for prose, when harnessed in rhyme beg audience and claim attention. Much has been spawned upon the world, lacking all the indispensable requisites of poetry—mere outward form, without faith or inspiration. Too often have the indiscriminating awarded favor where they should not even have stooped to condemn. Nor have these been wholly the doings of doggerel poetasters: bright intellects have dimmed their fires by slavish subjection to theories and fashions in poetry, sustaining themselves for a time, by force of genius, above the breath of ridicule and contempt. Diving into the depths of the ocean of truth, in search of the pearls of poetry, they have gathered deceased barnacles.

It is natural that the poetry of an unlettered age should be rude, loose, and rambling; that practice and a more refined taste should suggest numerous improvements, the broken measures and wild imagery of the minstrel giving place to the calm, dispassionate, and thoughtful verse of the scholar-bard. But when this refining process, with merciless severity, prunes down all that is free and bold to a tame mediocrity, it argues a deplorable decline of taste, and threatens the annihilation of all relish for true poetry. The philosophic school of Dryden and Pope was the earlier school—the old Gothic model of Spenser and Shakespeare, stripped of its redundancies: the latter was the free-born offspring of inspired mind, the former the product of poetic artisans. The metaphysical school, finding resemblances in things wholly dissimilar, and distinctions without difference; the mechanical school, painfully correct, inventing instead of discovering laws; the della-cruscan school, the poetry of adjectives and of the slime of water-brooks; the lake school, babbling of green fields, moralizing upon an idiot-boy, and hymning the praises of an adolescent donkey, are (so far forth as they are

schools) all children of the same absurdity. Begotten in folly and born in shame, they have conferred little credit on their authors.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," is a sentiment, no less certain in poetry than in religion and politics. As a little drop of water, let down into the earth, will channel for itself a passage through the hardest rock, if it may not else find its congenial sun-light, so true poetry has survived the wrecks of time, the conspiracies of versifiers, and the hallucinations of genius. But oh! what wrong-headed, clumsy-fingered musicians have jarred its chords! *Ne sutor supra crepidam* was surely the sarcasm of a poet. For my own part, I can conceive of nothing more sacrilegious than a man, to whom Heaven has denied the qualifications, struggling after the fame of a poet! Every other rank, by steady perseverance and earnest confidence, may be approximated, if not wholly attained. Not so with the poet's: high intellect and vast learning are as powerless as the unearthly gaspings of mediocrity. The inspiration of the poet must be the gift of God, or it is not poetry. Gold cannot buy it, power cannot confer it, labor cannot reach it. Here is no democracy. Its heirs are the most inaccessible aristocrats, but they are an aristocracy of Heaven's own choosing.

Poetry is the outpouring of the soul—the music of thought, and the eloquence of feeling. It is truth, sublime truth, higher and purer than fact or fiction. It is the true transcendentalism, and if it sometimes soar beyond the scope of feebler intellects, it is because the poet's soul revels in a more ethereal atmosphere, and catches a broader glimpse of the unseen world.

Eminent critics tell us, the highest exertion of the poetical faculty is, to "body forth the *forms of things unknown*," and to "give to *airy nothing* a local habitation and a name." By what unaccountable delusion this passage (which both the context and the expressions plainly show was designed as bitter ridicule of unreal poetry) should have come to be recognized as a master's conception of his profession, I confess myself utterly at a loss to determine. Every page of the great author gives the lie direct to the slander. Is Lear, or Macbeth, or Hamlet, the form of a thing unknown? Is there not rather an intensity of what is known and felt—an overwhelming torrent of humanity in each? Is Miranda, or Desdemona, an airy nothing localized? The companions of our leisure, true to nature, instinct with life, they are the very essence of reality.

The poet has no power *facere aliquid ex nihilo*. Thoughts, living unuttered in the bosoms of many generations, at length

and a voice in the poet. But they are not his thoughts alone. Standing forth in a cloud of thoughts not their thoughts, he would dazzle and bewilder, striving in vain to win the sympathy and affection of the world. Men know full well, in less than even half a century, who is the true poet and who the impostor. If he lack the sympathy of his race, let him beware of appealing to posterity, let him rest assured he has been led astray. Though he possess the genius of an angel, and all human learning has grown familiar as a thrice-told tale, if he body forth the forms of things unknown, and here rest from his labors, he has toiled in vain. His works shall die with him, or be remembered in pity.

High thoughts have heaved on the bosom of society from its earliest date; mysterious combinations of feeling, buried associations, ever and anon start into spirit-life; inexplicable dreams flit across the chambers of the soul, making this bewildering riddle of existence worse confounded: to arrange and combine, to conceive clearly and develop faithfully these, is the great work of the poet. Other men see these things as the pebbles on the bottom of a rushing stream, distorted by eddies, misplaced by currents, and concealed by shadows; to the poet's eye they are clear as the stars in the heavens.

"Gems of truth, deep in the river,
Flash like tongues of cloven flame."

It is not the whole business of the poet to wreak his thoughts upon expression: but, feeling those thoughts grow strong within him, and fostering their strength; conceiving clearly and truly the profound meaning of his mission, and contemplating, unmoved, the splendors of the world opened to his view, to stand forth unawed, "the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind;" to bring to full maturity and palpable outline what others see dimly; "to put on all the glories of imagination as a garment; to penetrate the soul, and make men feel as if they were new creatures; to fill the soul with holy visions of beauty and grandeur; to make truth and justice, to make wisdom and virtue, more lovely and majestic things than men had ever thought them before;" to bring the past and the present into one gigantic picture, foreshadowing the future; to throw the gorgeous hues of prism-like fancy over the dull routine of life; to stir and fill the soul with celestial harmonies,

"Hic labor, hoc opus est."

Pass we now to a view of the purposes of poetry. It is idle to lament the utilitarian spirit of our own times, appealing to the

lofty enthusiasm of an age relishing poetry for its own sake—inquiring not for practical benefit. We live in a noble age—rightly appreciated, an age to make us proud. The spirit of the nineteenth century is critical and discriminating; rejecting, with wise disdain, much the world long reckoned excellent. It will, too, regenerate much our ancestors disregarded, and transmit much posterity will not willingly let die. It is no age for seeing visions and dreaming dreams, for it searches, with honest inquisitiveness, the true and practical bearing of all its influences. Its reverence, though deep-seated, offers shelter to no absurdity, nor takes upon trust the legacies of other times. It scrutinizes, with wonderful exactness, whatever it adopts. Yet all these characteristics, properly viewed, are high and noble. There is no higher standard than usefulness. Not, indeed, as the narrow-minded or selfish understand it; in a far nobler signification. Not that which stops the mouth or clothes the back alone is useful. Whatever alleviates sorrow and misery, ministering sympathy and hope to the forlorn and desolate; whatever raises the earth-worn spirit from its grosser contact; whatever smooths down the thorny ways of care, encourages the timid, breathes consolation to the afflicted; whatever draws away the bitter dregs from the cup of life; whatever does all or any of these things, is supremely useful. All this does poetry.

If matter-of-fact minds would cease to mutilate what they cannot understand, or lack the soul to appreciate, the original curse would be exceedingly diminished. They represent the demons of discontent, sent into this world to vex and harass mankind. A school of philosophers, whose *summum bonum* is physical enjoyment; a priesthood, whose sole catechism is *cui bono*?—they seek to uproot whatever the imagination has planted or the affections watered. That they may themselves realize their aspirations, is the most dreadful malediction human ingenuity can devise.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection, that the most precious bounties of Heaven bear about them a taint of sin to mar their loveliness; the heart almost dies within us, and bitter words rise to the lips, as we contemplate to what base uses the gift of poetic inspiration has been perverted. But because the stream meets in its progress, corruption struggling hard to debase its worth, shall we therefore abandon it? Shall we not rather cherish those waters whose regenerating power renders them proof against contamination? Poetry never made a villain; it has led thousands to excellence and glory. Virtue finds no bolder advocate, no sublimer eulogist.

Nor does it give us false views of life. The daily round of duties of the *soi-disant* practical man, is not the whole of life. It is, in truth, a most partial, one-sided view. Man was created but little lower than the angels, and does he fill the measure of his earthly destiny if he lead a life but little higher than the dray-horse? Is the spiritual part of our nature unworthy of culture? Is the sentiment of reverence a fiction, the witchery of beauty a delusion, the play of fancy a farce? Not so, says the united chorus of a thousand bards and minstrels, from Solomon to Milton. Not so, cries poor human nature, however much degraded.

But we are told of the splendid talents squandered in the culture of poetry. One word in reply. Go tax Heaven with prodigality for the million blazing cressets hung in the firmament, for the delicate penciling of the flower's cup, for the idle melody of birds, for the needless music of water-falls; go, "curse God and die," if you will; but, in the name of mercy, suffer weak, misguided man to enjoy his lucky delusion. From my soul I pity the unbeliever—having no music in his soul, fitted for treason, stratagem, and spoils.

A mistaken notion is prevalent, ranking poetry no higher than a luxurious amusement. Estimated as the fit aliment of weak and sickly minds, it has been deemed unworthy the study of masculine intellects. Dreading its enervating influence, men have likened it to a syren, singing sweetly, boding ill. How utterly false and imperfect this view! Have not the giants in intellect, of every age of the world, paid their homage at its shrine? Alexander's choicest casket was enriched with the Iliad; Napoleon outwatched the stars with Ossian. History breathes full assurance of its enlightening influence. Greece was Homer *in extenso*; Shakspeare still lives in England. Everywhere its purifying and ennobling effects are visible—in the language of the orator and in books of philosophy—in the prayer of devotion and in the whisper of love.

The study of poetry is requisite to secure a proper balance of mind. Be the reasoning powers ever so acute, if the imagination and the fancy be neglected, the disproportion will be painfully obvious. These lighter features of the mental character are hourly applicable, in securing the proper ends of life. There is no department of business in which the imagination may not be successfully employed, no social circle that does not demand the glow of the fancy. This was the secret of the statesmanship of Burke; that made Sheridan ever a welcome guest. Moreover, the study of poetry elevates our aims in life. Within this charmed circle we tread on fairy ground. Here is neither jar of inter-

ests, distorting our judgment, nor mist of prejudice, darkening our vision. Its strong and steady light dissipates the mocking phantoms that live in the atmosphere of passion and apathy, and the mind wakes to a truer conception of its worth. Galileo never tired reading the Orlando Furioso; the perusal of the Fairy Queen gave force and directness to the genius of Collins.

Poetry possesses a wider dominion over the human heart than any other form of thought. In this, it is superior to all earthly gifts; it has no disguise, it is without deceit, it must come from the heart, like the gushing of a fountain, spontaneous, or it shall wander abroad, seeking rest and finding none. Its philanthropy is as broad as human nature itself. It is a common bond of sympathy to the whole race. There is, indeed, but little in the mere physical existence of this life, moving us to cling to it. Weighing its calamities against its pleasures, it is a sad picture. It is only by cherishing our spiritual nature, life is rendered tolerable. Poetry draws away from the grossness of life, purifies, elevates, and energizes the better part of our nature. The heart is a field too liable to neglect, and we need all the kindly tillage of the poet, to prevent its choking with rank weeds, or wasting to barrenness.

Poetry is the religion of nature. Like the religion of the gospel, truth, first revealed in full splendor to a few sublime minds, it is higher and nobler than the deductions of reason. Bearing the same relation to fact as faith to reason, it is a more sublime, more subtle essence, yet no less efficient in its legitimate empire. Like religion it obeys laws, but they are laws founded upon ultimate principles, and know no change. With the benison of Heaven resting upon it, it fills the soul with lofty aspirations, and inspires thoughts that wander through eternity. Without money and without price, it is the free-will offering of Heaven, preaching peace, good-will, and love to all mankind. Developing the order and fitness of things, it discovers nothing aimless, purposeless; teaching the true philosophy of life—f forbearance for the failings of human nature, and love for its virtues, its faith is this; there is an appropriate sphere for each, and the meanest of God's creatures is above contempt. Let us then love poetry for its own sake; let it ever form a part of our studies; let us cherish it as "the lamp of life, the organ of our highest sentiments and noblest emotions, the spur of glory and the blazoner of goodness."

THE SERE LEAF.

NEGLECTED it is lying,
 Beneath the wind-shorn bough :
 And who will care that leaf to rear
 From its low pillow now ?
 Fair childhood oft, in infant glee,
 Its poor form tramples thoughtlessly.

One moon ago 'twas waving
 Upon its native tree :
 In dalliant mood, each wind then wooed
 Its beauty wantonly.
 The hum-bird nestled 'neath its shade,
 And quaffed the dew, in gems arrayed.

Upon its velvet surface,
 All bathed in crystal light,
 Whene'er the gleam of solar beam
 Bent there its matin flight,
 The rain dispensed its moisture bland,
 And taught its tender form t' expand.

But those bright days are over :
 The breeze is now the blast :
 Its hues so gay have fled away,
 And left the mournful caste
 Of wasting death—that mongrel shade,
 Which tells of loveliness decayed.

I.

Thus mused I, roving pensively along
 Beneath the covert of an ancient wood,
 Where towered the forest-giants' stately throng,
 And all disrobed, in naked grandeur stood.
 Beneath my strolling feet a rustling flood
 Of withered leaves a spacious carpet spread.—
 Of melancholy dreams, a shadowy brood
 Winged through my brain their dismal flights so dread,
 Till, like the dreary scene, fond Hope was cold and dead.

II.

I listened to the moaning blast, and thought
 Within the music of that mystic noise
 I heard the echo-tones of years forgot,
 Which tell us how delusive are earth's toys.
 I dreamed of blighted hopes, departed joys—
 Of young hearts broken—of proud spirits chill'd—
 Of worldly bliss, which ever fleets or cloys.
 My mind with countless visions wild was filled,
 Which, in this darksome hour, stern Fancy had instill'd.

III.

This sickening flow of thought at length was check'd,
 As a real shape appeared before my eyes :
 A form, with every gem of beauty deck'd,
 Which, though bedimm'd, still shone through Sorrow's guise.
 To this drear spot she comes to blend her sighs

With the low groans which 'scape the plaintive trees.
 With step, once bounding, but now slow, she hies :
 With mien which speaks a heart but ill at ease,
 She utters such chill tones, as might life's fountain freeze.

" Poor leaf! thou fitting emblem
 Of my own joyless days!
 E'en in the time of youthful prime
 Quench'd are my eyes' bright rays :
 And I pursue, 'mid cheerless gloom,
 ' My downward pathway to the tomb."

" I have not been thus ever :
 I have seen Fortune's smiles :
 My sky was bright—my heart was light—
 But ah! the fickle wiles
 Of veering Chance! Those hours of bliss
 But add the deeper pang to this.

" They told me of my beauty :—
 I dream'd it ne'er would fail.
 I heard full oft the cadence soft
 Of love's beguiling tale,
 And though I frowned on none, 'twas still
 Long ere I felt the kindred thrill.

" At length, he who was destined
 To win my heart from me,
 With love-lit eyes first breath'd his sighs,
 And I was no more free.
 'Twas then I first began to feel
 The chain around my heart-strings steal.

" His vows were oft repeated
 To cling to me for aye,
 Till tyrant Death, with siroc breath,
 Should call him hence away.
 He plead with warmth, with look sincere,
 Nor e'en restrain'd th' unmanly tear.

" I need not say I trusted—
 I could not check th' emotion.—
 He faithless proved to her who loved
 With woman's fond devotion.—
 Now nought is left to me, but grief :
 ' My days are in the yellow leaf.' "

IV.

Sad was the maiden's tale :—I felt 'twas so :
 The clouds of gloom begin to lower again,
 As oft the storm-fiends 'round the welkin strew
 The piles of blackness :—then collect amain
 Into one threatening mass the scattered train ;
 So did those breathings of a soul distress'd,
 At first divert my mind from racking pain :—
 Then all the loathsome weight together press'd,
 And doubly edged the pangs which tore my laboring breast.

V.

Yet still again Fate bade the spell to break :
 For scarce had I relapsed to revery,
 From which I was not eager soon to wake,
 (For oh! in truth a matchless luxury
 Is melancholy in its purity!)
 When I was startled by th' unlooked for sight
 Of one, whose mien was proud, whose bearing high ;
 Whose eyes, enkindled with a frenzy-light,
 Seem'd neath his darkling brow, like day o'erhurling by night.

VI.

The wasting demon, Care, had deeply graved
 His hideous furrows on that haughty cheek ;
 Each free-born Hope had long since been enslaved,
 And doom'd Despair's dark, dreary cell to seek.
 Joy's blossoms long ago had felt the bleak
 And withering blast of Woe ; and if some flower
 Of healing virtue shone, the vulture-beak
 Of keen Remorse then oped afresh the sore,
 The deadly bane of Thought into the wound to pour.

VII.

Yet was that deep-set eye's fierce glare unquench'd ;
 Yet was that noble brow unhumbled still ;
 Yet was that sunken cheek by fear unblench'd,
 And that firm tread bespoke a chainless will.
 His full, deep tones, made every pulse to thrill—
 Each dreamy bond of meditation broke—
 And caused strange fantasies my mind to fill,
 As, gazing 'round, from his deep trance he woke,
 And to the listening scene in fearful accents spoke.

"The race of fierce ambition
 Long have I fearless run ;
 With eager grasp essayed to clasp
 The glory rarely won.
 Naught stayed my reckless, headlong course
 As on I rushed with frantic force.

"I caught at Fame's bright bubble,
 Its dazzling tints expending,
 While on it play the colors gay
 Which frolic Fancy's lending.
 But ere I reach'd the gaudy toy,
 It burst, and broke the spell of joy.

"First, when the trumpet sounded
 The stirring note of war,
 On tented field, my heart and shield,
 I dared the battle's jar.
 I mock'd all hazard, while I strove
 To win the prize which men so love.

"Next the rough waves of faction
 I buffeted with zeal,
 Still hoping on that soon would dawn
 The day, when, at my will,
 The proudest heart should humbly cower,
 And servile subjects own my power.

"Yet still the precious jewel
 Was not to me afforded ;
 The glorious meeds of valiant deeds
 My courage ne'er rewarded :
 And specious intrigue, freely wielded,
 The bliss so longed-for never yielded.

"Oft would some prospect cheering
 Throw light across my sky,
 Until I found no earthly bound
 My thirst could satisfy.
 'Tis disappointment all and grief—
 'My days are in the yellow leaf.'"

VIII.

Impatient and insatiate Lust of Fame !
 For rest thou pantest, yet would restless be !
 Upon the splendors of an empty name
 Longing to pass to immortality,
 At every step th' entangling mesh thou 'lt see !
 The tower which thou would'st build may upward rise,
 Until its summit shall appear to thee
 One step from Heaven—but, view'd with clearer eyes—
 Though pile on pile thou rear'st, thou ne'er canst scale the skies !

IX.

Such wild and wayward thoughts escaped my breast,
 As those outpourings of a mighty soul,
 By Disappointment's rusting chain oppress'd,
 In slow succession from my senses stole.
 Although unbroken yet, his golden bowl
 Was mingled with a foul, a base alloy.
 His bark, though not wrecked, upon the shoal
 Of hopelessness was stranded—which to buoy
 Will swell no gale of bliss—no sparkling wave of joy.

X.

Ha ! who can thus, with halting step and slow,
 Approach my sad retreat ? But welcome be
 Thou aged one ! Methinks thou mightest throw
 The burden of thy years aside full joyously,
 And that this were a worthy place for thee
 To strew thy grave-blooms on their kindred dust.
 And, since earth's scenes thou canst not longer see—
 Since Death now calls for thee, and die thou must—
 Place thou in Heaven and God thy treasure and thy trust !

" Our life is but a ripple
 Upon Time's rugged main :
 Stirr'd by some blast it glideth past,
 Ne'er to be seen again.
 A moment glittering in the sun—
 A moment clouded—and 'tis gone.

" The past—that waste so dreary—
 Lies spread before my view,
 Where smiles and tears, where hopes and
 fears,
 Their varying shadows threw.
 But it is *past*—their fitful tide
 Has ceased, for ever ceased, to glide.

" My age, alas ! is childless :
 No comforter is nigh :
 No friend to cheer, or shed the tear
 Of sorrow, when I die.
 Like a stripp'd oak, my helpless form
 Buffets alone each pelting storm.

" The partner of my bosom
 Long since deserted me.
 I know no joy ! all, all is woe !
 Oh ! when shall I be free !
 Come ! Death, remove me from my grief !
 ' My days are in the yellow leaf.' "

XI.

He said, and stoop'd to touch the faded thing :
 When, bursting from its prison-house of rock,
 A whirlwind madly rushes, thundering
 As if 'twould heaven's pealing ordnance mock.
 The sturdiest forests bow before the shock :
 Some yield, all shattered, to the tempest's might,
 And fall beneath the unresisted stroke.
 The leaf, far, far beyond all human sight,
 Upwafted by the blast, soars on in heavenward flight.

XII.

What means that smile serene that gathers now
 Upon the aged face of him who prayed
 For Death's rough rescue ? And that furrowed brow,
 Which was but lately by Despair down-weighed—
 Why now divested of its gloomy shade ?
 Toward that same spot, where last that leaf updriven
 Was seen to float, that straining eye is stayed.
 A life—a vigor to that frame is given—
 Well may the old man smile, for now he dreams of Heaven !

"Avaunt! all worldly sorrows!
 I now can scorn ye all!
 What are ye worth, ye joys of earth,
 Which must, like flowers, fall?
 Soon may that world by me be trod,
 Which is unfading, like my God.

"Be thou, poor lifeless leaflet,
 My harbinger to bliss!
 I'll follow thee, and soon shalt see
 My home—my happiness.
 Like thee I'll mount! I'll soar away
 To rest me in eternal day.

"Ho! ye who now are pining
 Beneath Affliction's dart:
 Thou, who, forlorn, dost ever mourn
 A lover's faithless heart;
 And thou, who writhest now with pain
 To find thy hopes of greatness vain;

"Come ye! and learn the lesson
 Taught by the faded leaf:
 Though here below your life is woe,
Above there is relief.
 Though on *life's* waves we're roughly
 driven,
 Yet all is bright and calm in Heaven."

LUCK.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON CARLYLE.

"So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend him to you."

Hamlet.

THOMAS CARLYLE lives in quite an humble way in the suburbs of London. He was not born to titles: men have conferred on him no patent of nobility; nor is he rich in houses, or lands, or gold. His sole wealth and honor lie in possessions of quite another kind—those of the mind; and of these, probably few out of the millions who throng that queen of cities have hoarded more than he. To the bustling and thrifty man of the world, who knows not, nor can be persuaded of the existence of such riches as are not gross and tangible, it might seem that we waste time in discussing the character of so *poor* a man. And if one were striving to bring about a partnership with that business man, or with his daughter, he would not do well in mentioning as one of his qualifications that he had read and loved Carlyle. But *here*, where we cannot help believing that there are those who do rightly appreciate intellectual greatness, who consider the wealth and distinctions of men very light matters when compared with "the finding and vitally appropriating of truth," we are confident of a more candid hearing.

The first thought which presents itself is this—Carlyle is not read with care. Many take up his works after dinner, as they would a jest-book, and consider themselves amply qualified to peruse them, when their minds, at best not very compact, are diluted, and their bodies enervated, with surfeiting and drunkenness. These are they who in some idle moment happen on a stray volume of "The French Revolution," glance lazily over a few of its pages, are amused at the slight modicum which they understand, and disgusted at the rest because it is beyond their comprehension, yawn over it, drop the book, and fall asleep. Awaking, mortified at their failure, they at once pronounce Carlyle an apish, fantastical fool, who would make a very little stream muddy that it may seem deep, and an empty thought misty that you may not discern its shallowness.

In reply to such as these, we sometimes fancy our author ejaculating in tones of mingled sadness and anger—Oh, weakly organized individuals! How often must I tell you that "it is not the *dark place* which hinders, but the *dim eye*." Thus stands the case between you and me. I, Thomas Carlyle, believing that there is within me power to move men, have undertaken to

be an author. Had I been a partisan in politics, or a sectarian in religion, or had I prostituted my powers in the service of fashionable follies and fleeting pleasures, I might have attained great riches and honor—as men count these. But I listened to the dictates of my nobler nature; and now, after years of painful toil, having wasted the prime of my life over the lamp of study, with poverty as my only companion, I stand forth as the expounder and defender of certain invaluable truths. These have I placed in sundry Histories, Reviews, and Biographies, that I might not terrify men by appearing as a philosopher and a moralist: and I am ever pressing them on your attention—not because they are *my* truths, nor because *I* have elucidated them; but because they are *God's* truths, and are worthy to be known by all his rational creation. Talk as you will of the simplification and clearness of expression which this age, of all ages, is clamorous for; I tell you in reply—that these truths are in their nature complicated, and admit not of farther simplification. And that man grievously errs who hopes that these, or aught else that is valuable, will be instilled into him without labor of his own. It is as if one should read the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon, confident of understanding it, yet bestowing only the same measure of attention with which he would peruse *Peveril of the Peak*. And yet you scoff at my message because it is great, and not altogether and immediately comprehensible. “Consider the melody of nature, with its voice of cataracts and its sounding of primeval forests. It cannot be expressed in common note-marks, nor be written down by the critical gamut, for it is wild and manifold. To feeble ears it is oftentimes discord, but to ears that understand it—deep, majestic music.” So is it with these thoughts. You are not asked to think them out for yourselves; then might you complain that the burden was heavier than you could bear; but only to bestow the tithe of pains necessary to understand them after others have thought them out for you. Ah! the fault lies not in these, but in your own grossness and stupidity, which love not the light. Go your ways! Get your poor perceptions quickened, your feeble intellects strengthened, all your infantine faculties newly shaped, educated, and polished; *then* come, and we will converse together.

We regret to notice, that Mr. Carlyle's religious views have been the subject of occasional animadversion. His warm and oft-expressed admiration of German literature, is enough, in the opinion of many, to impugn his orthodoxy. With those who are determined to believe that poor Germany is given up to in-

fidelity, and that all who love her, her scholars, her learning, and her literature, are inhaling a pestilential atmosphere, we have no controversy. Let them remain in quiet possession of their opinion. We can only congratulate them on the resemblance of their charity to that of the Bible, which "is kind, and thinketh no evil:" we wish them joy of a condemnatory principle, so universal as to admit of no exception; so positive, that it precludes all after-thought. That Mr. Carlyle has not all the precision of a Westminster divine, and that he not unfrequently deviates from the most approved religious phraseology of the present day, we are neither able nor disposed to deny. He does speak loosely. For instance, he sometimes uses the word "fated," when a more accurate pietist would doubtless prefer "preordained," or "predestinated," or "predetermined," or some other of the thousand terms, in wrangling about which, and the like, theologians have disgraced Christendom. How often the thoughtful man, retiring from this wordy strife, says to himself—what are they all but *names*, wherewith to hide our ignorance of the designs of the Deity; and so the man's evident purpose be good, what care we whether he uses the one, or the other, or neither. He recognizes, everywhere, a creative Deity; and holds the world in which we live, to be "the realized thought of God. To us, also," he says, "through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes? There *is* a God in this world, and a God's-sanction." He rejoices that "scepticism, insincerity, and mechanical atheism, with their poison dewes, are going and as good as gone." He considers "a man's religion, in every sense, to be the chief fact with regard to him: a man's, or a nation of men's. By religion, I do not mean here the church creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign: not this wholly, in many cases, not this at all. But the thing a man does practically believe, the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there; that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and *creatively* determines all the rest." On what we consider a cardinal duty, he thus insists:—"Of all acts, is not for a man *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that supercilious consciousness of *no* sin; that is *death*. The heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact: it is dead. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider the truest emblem ever given, of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in

it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul, towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck, yet a struggle never ended; ever with tears, repentance, true, unconquerable purpose begun anew. That this struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one—that is the question of questions."

Relating how the Cromwellians prayed God, in their extreme need, not to forsake the cause that was His, he says, "Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same, devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all light; be such prayer a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method." Repeatedly does our author avow his belief that mortal existence is but "a gleam of time between two eternities," and thus announces man's high destiny, and consequent duty: "on the waring billows of time thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of eternity. Love not pleasure—love *God*." Passages like these might be multiplied indefinitely, and can neither be misunderstood nor set aside, since we have quoted the expressions of their author. From these we infer, that he acknowledges what seem to us the central, and, with their necessary consequences, the only essential truths of a rational Christianity; and that nothing can be more groundless than the oft-repeated charges of atheism, fatalism, and the like.

We should be delighted to devote a few pages to the discussion of Mr. Carlyle's metaphysical theories, but on the whole it may be better to pass them over in silence. Our hairs are not yet, so far as we can perceive, at all silvered; and we have long since learned that in the domains of philosophy, it is peculiarly true that "a hoary head is a crown of glory." And it is altogether right that, in these matters, the crude thoughts of youth should remain at home, while their owners go out and listen to the teachings of riper years. So in mercy to our inability to portray the subject worthily, and to your patience, kind reader, we forbear.

Honesty compels the admission that, as a writer, Carlyle has faults, neither few nor unimportant. It is true that he plays strange pranks with our good old English tongue; and to those who love the smooth Addisonian flow, this must be somewhat painful. If he has a thought he speaks it out, often vehemently and abruptly, sometimes roughly and obscurely; not forgetting, as he says of Richter, "elisions, sudden whirls, quips, conceits, and all manner of inexplicable crotchets." Yet, in spite of this,

the language has generally depth, point, and expressiveness, and, what is far better, clothes a sound and rich body of thought, which is intrinsically most valuable.

It is a grand excellence of these writings, that, when properly read, they induce *thought*. Few books are so often dropped, while the reader peruses new trains of thought, or follows out those suggested by the author. One might spend an age in poring the works of Irving or Scott, excellent as they are in their place, without being very strongly impelled to think for himself. Not so with these. If it be true that the object of reading is not so much the facts and general information immediately acquired, as the stimulus to thought which is gained, and that till reading shall be viewed more as a means, and less as an end, it can never fulfill its true office; then ought the highest value to be placed on books like these, which teach us to think.

As a reviewer and biographer, Carlyle is kind and tolerant. He seems honestly desirous to know and to tell the truth—a rare thing in these days, when men's thoughts so generally flow in the contracted channels of a party or a sect.

But the characteristic which we especially admire is his enthusiasm. You never knew him to talk of greatness coldly. In the very act one almost sees his face kindle, his eye flash, and the blood dance wildly in its courses. He hears not Mahomet heralding his divine mission, nor listens to the sphere-harmony of Shakspeare; he cannot think of the wasted genius of Burns, or of Luther and Knox sternly thundering forth the Reformation; he sees not Cromwell falling into his grave as he strove to realize a theocracy in degenerate England, or Napoleon wading through the gory elements of Revolutionism to found a new dynasty, without straightway falling down and worshiping the *mind* that was in them—the godlike in purpose and action which shone through their frail humanity. There is no sycophancy, no fawning Boswellism about this: it is the honest and manly outgoing of the heart, and as such commands our sympathy and respect. But Carlyle plies a wise discrimination when he would give honor to men. He by no means yields this high reverence to all who call themselves great, or are so called by others. He feels it for Milton, for Shakspeare, for Luther: but he boldly avows—among Scotchmen, and in opposition to the literary world generally—that he does not feel it for such as Sir Walter Scott. Him he *admires*, rather than *reveres*. In his beautiful article on the once Great Unknown, he wonders at the facility with which Scott wrote, is delighted

with his generous, virtuous heart, joyous temper, and strong love of nature : he has reveled (as who has not ?) in his works, and yet, he asks, "What was he, but the pleasant song-singer and tale-teller for Europe ? His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly, there was nothing spiritual about him. His volumes are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification. The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance, the heroic which is in all men no divine awakening voice. They do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparative trivial ones." Hence they lack the qualities on which Carlyle's reverence lives.

If the reviewer has, as many think, done the novelist injustice here, he atones for it all in the closing paragraph. What a leave-taking is that ! He has followed him through the story of his youth and his manhood, his wealth, his prosperity, and his poverty-stricken end. "And so the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain—widely scattered, yet attainable. It can be said of him, when he departed he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas ! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly in the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, ploughed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it—we shall never see it again. Adieu ! Sir Walter—pride of all Scotchmen—take our proud and sad farewell !" We close with a few remarks on Carlyle as a historian.

An immortal existent—I am placed here on God's earth, which has been peopled with beings like myself during nearly sixty centuries. And can it be supposed that my soul, whose life-time is an eternity, will be content to look only at the future ? Far from it ! I must be told of the past existence of my race, and I must be more than merely *told*. When men condense this world's history into a duodecimo of some five hundred pages, conveying the brief information that my progenitors lived some six thousand years ago, that sundry singular events have since then dotted the calendar of time, and that my generation has thus been ushered—I loathe it—far other history than this for me ! I would be born, as it were, with man's creation, and live over again all the grand epochs of time. I would see the firstborn of earth, rejoicing in their new existence. I would be a sad onlooker when the terrible news that "death is in the world" trembles on the lips of the first fratricide. I would hear the waters as they welter and glide away under the keel which

upbore from death those eight faithful souls; and I would be a witness when the Nazarene hangs in mid-air between two thieves. And so on down to these times: the lives, and characters, and occupations of men, the wars which have devastated earth, the revolutions which have upturned nations, and the causes which have induced all these commotions—yea, more than all that is recorded in sacred or profane history—let me know! And that which best helps me not only to *know*, but to *see*, and to *realize* past occurrences, nearest approaches a perfect history.

Apply this test to Carlyle's French Revolution. About what in that period would we be informed? Is it our greatest concern to know the lazy doings of kings, and councils, and cabinets, and all the dry generalities which come lumbering along in common histories like state-carriages in the age of Queen Elizabeth? Or would we rather see, as in a mirror, every meanest citizen who is impaled on the bayonets of the National Guard, or stands trembling in the dungeons of the Bastille: every barricade that impedes the soldiery, and every mob of women which assaults the palace: how Robespierre trembled when they shouted "the blood of Danton stifles thee!" and how he looked riding jaw-shattered and gory to the guillotine? We would lose no note of "wail or jubilee," no shout of victory, no groan of defeat that rises reeking from that second Aceldama. All this, which the curious and thoughtful reader must see, or be vexed at the omission, may be found in Carlyle—how seldom elsewhere! We read his history as we would gaze on a series of rich and vivid paintings—making us thoroughly to *realize* that which before we only *knew*. But other histories, it is said, give us substantially the same story, with vastly more method and connection—where then is the superiority? *They* are the *dry* rods reposing in the tabernacle; *this* buds and blossoms. They are the lifeless forms in the beautiful vision of the prophet. Each bone had leapt to its fellow: there were there nerves, and sinews, and limbs, and all that did outwardly betoken vigorous existence, but it was not till breath came into them that they lived and stood upon their feet. They praise Sallust because he first applied philosophy to the study of facts. Be it ours to honor Carlyle for being among the first to breathe into history the breath of life.

What then are the sound and weighty objections against Carlyle? He is not the misty ranter, the aimless, wayward writer, the mere "master of tongue-fence," that some suppose. He revolves giant thoughts in that capacious mind of his; and as

each stands clearly before his vision, he questions himself—do men need to know this? Will such knowledge make them wiser, happier, better? If so, be it unpalatable or otherwise, they shall know it—and so he tells it them. He is no ever-doubting sceptic, no misanthrope sneering at happiness which he cannot enjoy. He is no Byron doing battle with the world, nor a Swift satirizing and polluting it. But he is plain Thomas Carlyle—a poor man, an honest, earnest man, who would fain converse with you on great topics, if it be your will; who loves you, and would have you love him; who hath an individual duty to perform, a high *idea* to realize in this world, and who doeth right manfully whatever his hand findeth to do. It were well for men not to despise so rare a specimen of humanity!

N.

NIGHT.

'Tis night. How glorious is a starry night,
 When earth's rich jeweled coronet is set,
 Quiv'ring and burning with a living light:
 And decked with gems, more bright than India's shrine,
 The full orb'd moon comes radiantly forth,—
 I love to watch her as she shines above;
 At times, part hidden by the draperied cloud,
 Which, swept by wildly in the breeze of Heaven,
 Floats like a robe upon her.—
 Why do ye wonder at the Chaldean seer,
 Rapt by the beauty of his native Heaven,
 Musing with soul entranced, till growing thought
 Wafted him upward from the cold world's truth,
 And bore him on her pinions far away;
 Floating through empty space, from star to star,
 Reading the mysteries of that dark to be,
 With light caught from Heaven's portal:—that his soul,
 Bowed in the grandeur of its unchecked thought,
 Sank trembling to the earth, and breathed a prayer,
 To the material lights which burned above;
 As the bright spirit's from th' eternal throne,
 Hov'ring o'er earth, with their essential life:
 Meeting his spirit, circling *toward* the goal
 Of high infinitude and being's source.

Night is the time for thought.—For oh ! 'tis joy
To look upon the Heavens, and loosen thought,
And let it float upon the calm of night,
Like a swift bark upon the ocean's wave :
Or like a freed bird, from its narrow cage,
Let it soar throughout space, unfettered, free ;
And in its dreamy being, all forget
Its dusty mantle of this breathing life,
Which wraps it round with dull realities,
And weighs it down to earth with misery :—
To the deep, calm, and balmy breath of night,
It will unfold, and leave the spirit free
To range throughout its own ideal world.
I've seen a lovely girl, with upraised head
Just resting on her hand, and her dark curls
Flung negligently back in careless grace,
Gaze, with half parted lips, in listless thought,
And the scarce uttered breath, at times, would swell
Into a lengthened sigh, and pearly tears,
Unheeded and unknown, would gently course
Adown her pallid cheek, in untold woe—
And then at times a smile would wreath her lip,
And glitter like a sunbeam o'er her face ;
Or tremble like a ray of meteor light :
And still she slept in thought, far, far away ;
Still gazed upon the deep blue sky of night.
Look at the tear drop, as it gently flowed,
And read of earth's misfortunes, blighted hopes,
And unrequited love : or death's chill hand
Pressed on some loved one's brow, and the cold world's
Afflictions, scoff, and scorn, with all the drear
And tearful emptiness of life's poor joys :
And as the spirit rose in its deep thought,
It left the cares and agonies of earth :
In quick gradation passed through space away,
And lingered in its blissful view of Heaven,
Till caught amid the joyful choir above,
The glorious welcome seemed to greet her ear,
And seraph wings fan her to dreamless rest,
Playing in beauty round her pure bright soul,—
Till a blest smile of joyful peace, e'en reached
The clay that bound her.

Art thou a mourner ? Bare thine anguished brow
To the mild breathings of the soft night wind,

And let it play upon thy fevered cheek,
And cool the burning tear drop as it falls.
Now, peacefully unburthen all your grief,
With none to mark you, as the heart-born sigh
Bursts from your aching bosom, or the tear,
Affection's off'ring, and grief's talisman,
Brings sad relief, and woos forgetful rest:
While the bright stars serenely burn above,
Teaching you higher hopes, as earth's shall fail.

Night is the time for death.

The holy stillness of the midnight hour,
Centers the deep affections, which the day,
With its stern cares and duties oft withdraws.
For oh! 'tis sweet to have the sympathies
Of but one dear heart, as your life's stream
Rushes with swiftness to eternity,
And bears upon its bosom to the tomb
The wreck of earthly feelings, through the pass
Which ushers the tried soul to that pure world,
Where joy is perfect—and where grief is hushed—
And where the spirit droops no more in woe.
Oh! when the gloom of death, on the pale brow
Gathers in thickness, and the trembling heart
Beats low and lower, as its life springs fail—
When the chill damp creeps o'er the shud'ring form,
And the mysterious link of soul to earth
Is trembling, ere it breaks, to drop the clay
Into its native dust—'tis then you feel
The happiness of heaven-born sympathy:
And in the midnight hour you love to know
Affection's hand there soothes you, while the earth
Is veiled in gloom and sadness, and the calm,
Unwearying stillness, like a mantle's folds,
Seems to envelop all in its embrace;
And the light breeze plays round your fevered brow,
To woo your lingering soul to flee away.

E. P.

GRIMKÉ.

"You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example."

WEBSTER.

HAPPY is he, who can serve faithfully any *one* of either the political, the moral or religious, or the literary departments of our country; these each tend equally to our honor and good. But happier he, who can *combine* these three powerful engines to carry out a spirit of patriotism and usefulness. When such an one is found, that character should be deliberately examined, its motives and manner of action investigated. As a nation, though young, we may well be proud of our distinguished names. For models of excellence, in true dignity of character and *real* learning, is it unreasonable to affirm that America is unrivaled? We have enough, not considering our Washington, to gratify national pride; but a worthier and more profitable use should be made of those names. They are examples for those who follow. We should imbibe their noble spirit—treasure up their lofty sentiments—follow their worthy examples, in all that is good and great. Shall we summon up the memories of these hallowed ones from their graves, to do the unholy office of pampering national vanity? Seldom do we name the name of Washington, that we may breathe the spirit of Washington; seldom style him the "father of his country," that we may from him receive the instructions of a father, and as obedient sons tread his footsteps to virtue, usefulness, honor, and fame. Seldom do we think of the moral beauty, excellence, and loveliness of the character of our Wirt, that we may, like him, walk in the paths of wisdom and true learning. In no better way can the character be moulded for public life, than by dwelling upon the excellent characters who have lived under the same political economy with ourselves—breathed the same independent spirit—labored to promote the same pure principles, and to perpetuate, unincumbered and free from all danger, the same government that we are called to serve.

Of all that number who have gone before us, we propose the name of Grimké. In him some may find little to admire and much to censure. But if ardent devotion to the people's best interests, if a zeal in every cause that promotes happiness and soundness of principle, if extensive knowledge, together with a high order of eloquence, render a man eminent, he was certainly so.

Doubtless the native fervor of his mind had developed some eccentricities of character and led to some extravagancies of opinion; but these were not the wild ravings of a fanatical brain, unsupported by reason and common sense. They were the mature suggestions of a true lover of humanity, bearing on their face, to say the least, a strong plausibility, which, though now impracticable, may, at some future day, be set in a new light, to complete the perfection of the human race. We refer now to his peculiar opinions on ancient classical literature, and more especially those on the justifiable character of war. Such has been the progressive spirit of the age since the establishment of our liberty, that men have often been prone to overleap the bounds of possibility, in their eagerness to reach the goal of perfection. Democracy has at times run mad, to realize the ideal theory of perfect freedom—perfect happiness—indeed primitive perfection in all things. No evil threatens more our peace in this day, and that very progress which it aims to promote. The wise and generous mind, while it will yield with becoming dignity to all just and timely improvements, will at the same time oppose all rash and untimely innovations.

The writings of Grimké, though of small compass, and a purely practical sort, would afford an interesting and instructive field for survey. We might traverse with pleasure the regions of extensive thought that are here laid open to view. Rare excellencies are here found. His writings are enriched with noble sentiments, fraught with useful instruction, laden with treasures gathered from the storehouses of ancient and modern literature, clothed in great beauty of language, and all urged home to the heart with a fervid and impressive eloquence. But let us rather seek to bring to light the spirit and character of the man as a public servant, as far as can be gathered from his writings. This is of the utmost practical importance. Upon the motives and principles of the man depend particularly his weight and influence in society.

What are the fields of public action? An important part is to be performed in politics. Grimké engaged but little in the open field of politics; and for this reason we might expect but little instruction of worth in this department. The skill and wisdom of the politician is not shown by engaging in the petty skirmishes of every day's transactions. As a *politician*, his course was different from that of most of our public men; and here, if any where, is tried the honesty of pure, disinterested benevolence. He seemed never desirous of entering the arena of political strife on ordinary occasions, nor showed an inclina-

tion to play here the sham, or indulge a spirit of party, or gratify feelings of lawless ambition. Sound principle was at the bottom of all his movements. And would that his own words might sink deep in the hearts of every aspirant after public honors. They are sentiments, if followed, would set our national assemblies on a new and more solid footing: "Covet not to aim at early political distinction. Let me advise and exhort you to wait patiently the coming of mature years, with a matured mind and character, and you will enter public life with more of a spirit of duty and usefulness, with less of a spirit of ambition and selfish anxiety for political distinction. You will preserve your independence and consistency, two qualities so generally and disgracefully wanting in our public men. You will then enter political life, not to court the populace, but to serve the people; not to ask favors, but to do duties; not to obtain honors, but to be useful; not to advance a party, but to promote the welfare of your country." This noble and patriotic advice was, without doubt, the rule of conduct to direct the adviser himself. He afforded a living example of what is sometimes thought to be simply ideal—so rare a thing is the reality—an upright, honest-hearted politician.

He, to be sure, interfered but little in party politics; his voice was not always heard in our legislative halls; the great national assembly, by its high and honored seats, never afforded an object of attraction to his mind, though possessed of talent and ability to distinguish himself even in that high body. One great occasion brought him forth; and that he deemed of momentous importance. He came forward to save, if possible, from a threatened and awful collision, his native State, South Carolina, with the general government; he came forward as an angel of peace, to calm the troubled waters; he came forward having in hand the "olive branch of peace," and with reason and fervid eloquence made the most powerful appeals to the rulers and people of his native State. We pass no judgment upon the wisdom of this political movement at this exigency; but refer to it as one which shows particularly the chief bent of his mind—his zealous attachment and sacred regard for our government, and his enthusiasm for its protection and perpetuity. Were all our politicians possessed of such purity of heart and principle, how perfect might be the confidence of the people in those entrusted with the high interests of our country!

As a *philanthropist*, Grimké was peculiarly eminent. The public man, to be distinguished, need not always mingle in the war of political strife. There are other ways, more quiet, and

equally ~~is~~ not more dignified, by which the permanent good of the people may be served. A desire to be of eminent usefulness will open innumerable fields of action. It is not debasing eminent talents to join in the common efforts that are made to promote soundness of morality; nor is it mingling with objects low and trifling, firmly to advocate and support every cause that would elevate the character of a people, that would fill up its cup of civil and political enjoyment, that would stamp upon its brow the assurance of a duration equal with the hills upon which we dwell.

The minds of men have been readily reconciled to the grim features and bloody deeds of war, by the consideration that it has broke the "rod of oppression;" and the stained garments of our country, died red with the blood of her enemies, have become pure as spotless innocence, by the thought that it was the blood of sacrifice shed at the altar of liberty. Let not then the enlightened patriot of this age of peace blush to wield the peaceable weapons of Christian morality, in preserving this inherited liberty.

In his public efforts, Grimké found an extensive field for action in all institutions that at once grew out of Christianity, and were set into operation for the sincere and ennobling purpose of elevating the moral condition of the people. We need not name these; they are in daily vigorous action, snatching from the graves of degradation its millions of unhappy victims, and sowing in the hearts of the people seeds of everlasting duration. A philosophic student of history, he gathered instruction from the sepulchres of past ages, beneath whose gloomy vaults are entombed sad records of the depravity and folly of man, ever destined to be his own destroyer. The impartial eye of the philosopher cannot but identify the rise and progress of civilization, with the growing developments of Christianity; which, viewed simply as a philosophy, has never yet been found less than a perfect adaptation to the utmost conceivable good of civil society. "In the production and preservation of all sense of justice, a predominating principle, the Christian religion, has acted a main part. Christianity and civilization have labored together; it seems, indeed, to be a law of our human condition, that they can live and flourish only together. From their blended influence has arisen that delightful spectacle of the prevalence of reason and principle."* When, in the early ages of the world, nothing but a dark and dismal uncertainty lay before

* Webster.

man, without any prospects of his elevation to an improved and happier condition, a breath from Heaven inspired him with the spirit of prophecy, that now he can see, with a prophet's vision, the perfection of the social system, lying in the future, which he has already begun to experience.

The truth, deeply engraven upon the minds of the most enlightened of our people, that to Christianity our generous form of government owes its origin and liberality, and that upon it must depend our perpetuity, clung to the mind of Grimké. He dwelt with ardor upon the dignified character of the Revolution and its supporters, that established for us a name. And the mournful cries of disrupted and unhappy France, who fought side by side with America for the blessings which we have gained, but to them, alas! were buried beneath the ruins of disorder, immorality, and corruption, were just dying on the breeze, and had not yet ceased to sound in his ears a fearful, warning voice. Let not recklessness trifle thoughtlessly with any charitable institution, lest they may unawares prove traitors to the permanent interests of the people.

As a *lover of literature* and *friend of education*, Grimké was remarkably enthusiastic. In this passing notice we can pay but a feeble tribute to his burning devotion in the cause of literature, and his assiduous labors in that of education. Having a constant eye to the greatness of our people, he predicted for us a destiny far more glorious than ever the most illustrious days of Greece or Rome, or even the bright British isles have gloried in. He came to the delightful task of recommending to the people the hopes of this bright star blazing in the future glories of our country, and of zealously impressing it, with his own mind, highly cultivated, strengthened, and expanded, under the teachings of the eminent schools of learning that have preceded our age. With a mind richly stored with the choicest learning of books, and a taste purely classical and refined—in excessive beauty and richness, variety and force of thought, he poured forth incessant torrents of lofty enthusiasm, noble sentiments, grand conceptions of the future substantial and dignified character of our literature. We cannot conceive how one can have a more intimate communion with the very spirit of our republican institutions, personating the spirit and boldness which are peculiar characteristics of our government; and while following the writer amid the glow of thought and feeling, cannot but believe, that there is a genius slumbering within, which will in time assume for us a "superiority over even the British isles, equal to their supremacy over the Greeks and Romans, in the

originality and variety of our literature—in reasoning, eloquence, and the knowledge of principles, theoretical and practical; in the power of thought, comprehensive, profound, and acute; in sublimity and beauty; in pathos, splendor, and richness.”

We have not room to notice the independent views of Grimké on the subject of education; and make here no pretensions either of upholding or resisting them. However correct or erroneous may be his opinions, as to the *manner* or *mode* of education, it is his praise-worthy zeal in the promotion of a love of knowledge and literary enthusiasm, that we would recommend to the serious attention of every one, entering upon the duties of public life. No one cherished a loftier interest in the education of the youth of his country; none devoted such energy of purpose and action to so training the mind, as to be perfectly adapted to the wants of our republican institutions. His nights and days were arduously spent in devising such a scheme of education as would both serve the practical interests of the country, and promote her chief good. He saw too deeply into the workings of human society, not to be seriously impressed with the entire dependence of our country, for its future character, upon the mode of educating its rising supports; and, after long experience and much reflection, deposited his humble offering in the sanctuary of his country, with the hopes and prayers of a devout patriot, that it may produce fruit to her service and glory.

Viewed apart from our chief object, the thoughts that we have here presented are *very general* in their nature; but in their bearing upon the character of the public man, as objects worthy of his notice, and upon the future destiny of our people, they altogether form *one great unity*. If our republic is ever to hold an exalted place in company with the world of nations, as generations are borne down upon the surges of time; if our glory is to increase with our years, as the “sun traveling from the chambers of the east, goes on rejoicing in the greatness of his strength,”—that glory must consist of a pure system of politics—a sound morality—a literature elegant and useful.

In the contemplation of these views, what one can fail to have *correspondent emotions of greatness*, and to enter upon the duties of public life with the pious soul of a devotional patriot? The character and influence of the man mostly correspond with the nature of the objects he has in view. These, rightly directed, seem invariably to warrant excellence. Grimké moved amid scenes of moral grandeur, and in their contemplation his thoughts poured from the gushing fountains of a soul deeply af-

fectcd. We believe that no man can better exemplify, by his life and writings, the influence of these subjects upon the mind. Noble subjects gained his chief attention, and all his public efforts breathed the spirit of sincerity.

The contemplation of these views will give *energy* of character. Nothing can drive back from duty the man impressed with a sense of his people's greatness. Looking forward to the high destiny of a people already great in the history of nations—believing that we shall yet realize, in addition to what we now are, in civil and religious liberty, in freedom of mind and knowledge, "all that even a poet's fancy can picture"—and knowing that he has a power, a freedom of action, to aid in the encouragement of this day; with what energy is he inspired, and how with nobleness of soul does he strive to do noble things! It is a common saying, that "great occasions make great men;" and with truth. Many a mighty energy, whose power the world has witnessed, might have slumbered for ever in inactivity, had not some great event kindled into action that power. The energy of Milton's soul is seen in its most formidable aspect, when contending with the stormy elements of the Reformation of England. The daring oppression—the presumptuous folly—the willing ignorance—the heart-rending cruelties of the standing Church, stirred up the indignation of his soul; and how did he pour forth thick volumes of wrath, in overwhelming torrents of language! The whole array of his artillery, coming as from some more powerful being than man, was summoned forth by the view, as it were, of hell's ministers casting desolation over the Church and garden of God, and, in willful wickedness, striving to crush the last spark, that is left in the bosom of man, of his Maker. In all the spirits of those troubled and boisterous times, there is something awful in the boldness and energy of their character. And to come to more familiar times, where do we find more of this energy of character than in the American Revolution.

We have no such alarming times; no tyrannical priesthood has thrown around us their black and venomous coils—no bold and open attempts are made, by any combined power, to shroud us beneath a veil of ignorance and superstition, worse than death—no powerful enemy is now treading us to the dust by oppressive and burdensome laws—but we do live amid great occasions; we are citizens of a great republic, free and liberal in its institutions, all depending upon *each individual* for support; enough to call forth the man to high and honorable employment.

Grimké has exemplified by his life, that one *can* have these high and responsible feelings, while engaged in the *common* service of his country. In his own expressive language, the public man should ever feel that he is "standing in the awful presence of his country"—that the "ground on which he stands is holy ground"—that he is responsible for all his actions to the "high and dread tribunal of his country." What a nation of great spirits would constitute our people, if all our public men went forth with such solemn feelings of awe and reverence for the sacred shrine of our republic!

MUSIC OF WINTER.

To the heart whose chords are strung in unison
 With Nature, there is music in the sound
 Of all created things. The chiming rill,
 The wild bird's varied melodies in Spring,
 The pattering of bright Summer's genial rain,
 The rustle of the gorgeous leaf of fall,
 Are but so many notes of Nature's hymn
 Of praise to Nature's God.

Old Winter, too,
 Hath his melodies—rich, deep-toned, and varied
 As the voice of his own blast—now breathing
 In tones that imitate the lyre—anon,
 'Tis like the echo of the trumpet's note,
 Swelling and martial. In the slight snow-flake
 There is music, and it dances to the earth,
 To the notes of its own song. Scarce has it flung
 Its virgin livery o'er earth and wood,
 Ere the fleet wind has scattered far the clouds,
 And the bright sun looks down upon the world,
 Decked and with gems bedight, as 'twere to grace
 His bridal. He smiles, and nature melts to tears—
 But they are tears of joy; the chrystal drops
 Fall twinkling from the branch, and far around
 The forest echoes with their chime, as though
 Innumerable silver bells had joined
 In one grand symphony. And now Night comes,
 The trickling drop is frozen in its course,
 The rigid branches away before the breeze,

And clash against each other ; and the shrill wind
Unites its sound with the echoing ice-drop,
To make wild music through the wood.

In thought,

I oft have heard a music in the frost,
As the slight chrystal gathers, and its spars
Shoot forth in wild variety of shape,
Fragile, yet elegant—in all that fair,
That graceful harmony of parts, we trace
In Nature's handiwork alone. The spar
That first shoots o'er the water's face and binds
The icy film, makes music to my soul.

There breathes a wilder and a louder strain,
When the ice-girt torrent bursts its emerald bonds,
And hurls the green, crashing mass to ocean ;
And when the sun has sent the gathered snows
Of Winter from the frozen mountain-top,
Across the plain, an awful harmony
Swells from the loud, mingling rush of waters.

There is a music in the pattering hail,
As it dances o'er the elastic ice. The sleet
That strikes our windows of a winter eve
Is musical—and the shrill, winter wind,
Now sighing through the cedar's cone—anon,
Wild sweeping through the leafless wood, bowing
In its swift course the giant oak, peals out
Deep tones, as 'twere wild Nature's organ.

Night—

Of the starry diadem, music, too,
Is heard amid the myriads of thy dome.
When the pale winter moon ascends the sky,
Surrounded by innumerable stars,
Tracing about the pole their nightly course,
There bursts a pæan from the rolling orbs,
Pealing and joyous. The bright evening star
Joins with the silver Pleiades to swell
The glorious anthem, and heaven's high arch
Echoes with music ;—'tis but imagination—
No voice nor sound those glorious orbs impart,
Yet their bright harmony of motion strikes
Sweet music from the hearts whose chords accord
With Nature.

There are gayer harmonies

In Winter, such as make the youthful heart
Throb high with keen enjoyment. The shrill sound
Of merry bells—the clanging skate—the lash—
The echoing hoof, make the young heart leap up
With joy too great for utterance.

At Night,

When gathered round the social hearth, we hear
The voice of those we love, and mark the flame
Wreath o'er the fagot with its cloven tongues,
A dream of days long past floats through the mind—
Of Merry England's days of yore,—for who
Loves not to dwell on them? When Christmas brought
Its joyous hours, and ushered through the door
With jocund pomp, the Yule blazed on the hearth,
And rang the hall with viol and with song,
As round the circle passed the social glass,
And all was mirth and gayety. But Time
And Custom change, and we have lost the gayest
And the liveliest strain in Winter's harmony.
But there are notes that Time nor Custom change,
Nor may they ever break a chord in Nature's Lyre.

Δ.

CHARLES DICKENS.

So common a thing is it, now-a-days, for authors to enter upon the field of fiction, that the more reasonable portion of the reading public are inclined to look upon new works as unworthy of attention, or even casual perusal. Every day seems to be prolific of volumes, and the shelves of our bookstores are loaded with the productions of would-be great men. At such a time as this, when Lemuel Gulliver and Baron Munchausen seem to have served as prototypes for the writers of voyages and the narrators of adventures; when extravagant, unnatural, and local tales appear the only shrubs that flourish in the garden of romance, our attention is directed to the genius of Mr. Charles Dickens. Appearing to us, at first, under the short and by no means euphonic *soubriquet* of "Boz," it was some time before that consideration was held of our author, to which his great merit has since shown him justly entitled. We slighted, for a

time, the jewel which was before us, ignorant of its value ; but soon returned, conscious of our error, to treasure it for its worth.

Mr. Dickens' novels should be very highly prized. True it is that Bulwer is before the world, with his harmonious diction, choice imagery, and cunningly-wrought plot to command its admiration ; but he stands on a foundation so feeble in point of morality, that we tremble while we admire. Morality—sound, healthy morality—is the lesson which every author should strive to inculcate. In this, Mr. Bulwer is to such a degree deficient, that his works cannot long out-live their author. He draws for us a hero—gives him talents, honor, and valor, and in short, endows him with every attribute that should elicit the unequivocal admiration of the honest reader ; but at the same time there is a blot upon the picture, which mars its beauty. There is some foul, bloody, or dishonest act, to darken, stain, or destroy the illusion which would otherwise be perfect. Not all the eloquence of the gifted and polished author—not all his well turned sophistry—not all his bitter invectives against worldly customs and worldly morality, can cause us to overlook the ready refutation which we find in our hearts, to those doctrines which he so loves to espouse, and which strike at the root of all that is lovely, virtuous, and truly noble in society. Even in the character of Philip Morton, in *Night and Morning*, which he has evidently endeavored to depict as free as possible from the besetting faults of his other heroes, we find much to endure—much to regret. When we observe the youth, whom we have watched with such anxiety, passing through the store of his employer, and the bright coin glittering in the till, which we know would relieve the supposed necessities of his dying mother, every honest heart is inclined to throw aside the book, in fear that his firmness cannot withstand such powerful temptation : and we rejoice in the triumph of sterling virtue, when he exclaims, in the uprightness of his nature, “no, my mother ! not even for thee !” as he loosens the treasure from his grasp, in horror at his dishonest impulse. We rejoice greatly, that he resists this temptation, but equally do we deplore his connection with Gautry ; for if we ask ourselves, if we would have maintained it, under similar circumstances, we find a ready “no,” as our answer.

As it is not our intention to criticise Mr. Bulwer's works, we willingly dismiss them from a more lengthy consideration, in the certainty that the faults which we have endeavored to exhibit, will be insurmountable barriers between them and immortality. He being by far the most prominent opponent of Mr. Dickens,

for the popularity of the public, we have essayed to expose his deficiency in morality, as that characteristic which forms the great distinction between the two. For as the one is wanting, so does the other abound in moral and useful lessons. Mr. Dickens' novels have all a high moral tone. They are the productions of a man not only great, but good. Every incident has its moral; every moral speaks to us in a language we cannot but understand. Vice is not made to borrow the attire of virtue, but it is decked in its own execrable robes. The simple-hearted and generous Pickwickians, the energetic and intelligent Nicholas, the patient and faithful Oliver, and the lovely and amiable Nell, are all characters we would do well to imitate. With their impulses we sympathize; with their joy we are glad; with their ill-fortune we are sorrowful. In their lives we see patience, industry, honesty, good humor, and every moral virtue.

There is, again, a point in which Mr. Dickens differs from Bulwer, and, indeed, from most of the novelists of the day. Bulwer's novels all contain characters the *same in nature*, although they may be different in name. In this particular, he may be likened to an artist, who greatly excels in painting jewelry, and for that reason decks every portrait with the same ornaments. Thus does it happen, that Lumley Ferrers, in "Ernest Maltravers," is the same in nature as Lord Lilburne, in "Night and Morning." Acuteness, knowledge of the world, perverted talents, and selfishness, are the striking features of both. The character of Godolphin greatly resembles that of Ernest Maltravers; and, indeed, in most of his heroes a similar analogy may be traced. It seems to have been Mr. Dickens' endeavor to avoid this error, into which every author who writes much, is too apt to fall. The mind of the reader is soon tired of the same individual; and the Minna and Brenda Troil, of the Scottish novelist, would but little interest us, if they were no more than his Jeanie and Effie Deans. Thus, of the many of our author's characters, we find no two alike. The villains, Quilp and Ralph Nickleby, for instance, are entirely different from each other. Their villainy is of two distinct classes.

We will consider our author as a satirist; for in that character is his pre-eminence acknowledged. We know not of a better and more just satire on the administration of justice in courts, than is to be found in the Pickwick Club, in the course of the trial of "Bardell vs. Pickwick." The anxiety of the jurors to be excused from duty; the petulance of the "little judge," and his reliance on his notes; the changes of a name, as

it is hawled by one constable and then another, until it is so metamorphosed as not to be recognizable; the cross examination of witnesses; and, last of all, the eloquent address of sergeant Buzfuz, are all the every day scenes of our court houses. And, at the same time that these ordinary occurrences are portrayed, they are set forth in a spirit of good humor and charity; fulfilling and producing the legitimate object and effect of satire.

For genuine wit, Mr. Dickens has no compeer in this age, and no superior in any past. Smollet and Fielding, in their novels, may almost invariably be found to sacrifice modesty and decency to a *jeu d'esprit*. True this is, in a great measure, attributable to the false taste of the times in which they wrote; but not so much as many are willing to suppose. For wit does not need such a sacrifice, and often sinks into the most flagrant and unmitigated vulgarity. The natural humor of Peregrine Pickle's wild pranks, and Roderick Random's strange adventures, is greatly marred by the indecency to be found in many of them. And as there can be no doubt, but that we would better love Tom Jones, if he were less immoral, and more respect Captain Booth, had he never seen Miss Matthews; so would we more admire the humorous and laughable scenes in which both are often placed, were they not as immodest as they frequently are. Mr. Dickens has shown, that to be witty, one need not be indecent; and we know not of a single remark in any one of his works, which could call a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious and refined. There is an originality, a genuineness, a refinement in his humor, which is as irresistible as it is inimitable. The reader is forced not once, but an hundred times, to lay aside his book and laugh heartily. Any one of his numerous scenes where he attempts wit, will

“Enforce the pained impotent to smile.”

But our author comes before us a man well-versed in that most difficult and intricate of all studies—human nature. Every character appears as natural as if he had taken some one of our immediate acquaintances, and painted his traits. We recognize the likeness as quickly as we would his portrait on canvas. How far, for example, have we to go to find a Mrs. Nickleby, or a Dick Swiveller? This latter personage is perfectly drawn. He is the same thoughtless profligate, yet good-natured vagabond, as thousands who move in a similar sphere of society. With all his folly in “blocking up” streets—with all his poetical quotations and poetical prose—with all his fondness for “the rosy” and his imperfect musical performances, Dick *has* a heart,

and a right good heart it is. How admirably true to nature is the delineation of his qualities! He resembles much, Rossignol, in Paul de Cock's "*Andre le Savoyard*;" indeed, so strikingly, that had not both authors borrowed from human nature, we might be tempted to accuse Mr. Dickens of having the idea of this character suggested by the French novelist. But it would occupy more time than we are willing to devote, to give an analysis of all Mr. Dickens' characters, which appear to us as true to nature, as they can well be. He seems to have viewed humanity in all its beauties and deformities; and is as much at home when he puts touching sentiments into the mouth of little Nell, as when Quilp is called upon to give a surly answer to his obedient and unhappy wife.

Not one of Mr. Dickens' characters appears to forget his peculiarities. "*Servetur ad imum qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*" Noah Claypole, for example, always perseveres in his "yer." The artful Dodger is ever fond of the interrogatory mode of conversing. Mantalini is addicted to the fashionable habit of swearing. Dick Swiveller never descends to simple prose. Mr. Weller couldn't be prevailed upon to pronounce his v's but as w's. And Whackford Squeers, of Do-the-boys Hall, always expresses himself in the same dignified strain of lofty eloquence.

We have observed, with much wonder and diversion, the admirable manner in which our author has portrayed the various and amusing impediments of speech, under which so many men labor. How frequently do we meet individuals, who are as much puzzled to pronounce the letter r, as they would be to discover perpetual motion? Lord Muttonhead, in the Pickwick Club, is a good illustration of them; and we believe that they would, like that worthy, describe their coaches, (if any such they have,) "with the iwon wail wound the fwont, for the dwivew to dwive fwom." How laughably too, is defective articulation hit off in the character of the Jew boy, Barney, who gives caution to Mr. Fagin, of the presence of Mr. Claypole and his better half, in the adjoining apartment, in the words, "Stradgers id the dext roob, rub uds too, or Ib bistaked." Trifling though these instances may at first appear, they bear strong testimony to the great capability of our author; for they prove him to be a most accurate observer of mankind.

Mr. Dickens' novels abound with scenes of the most beautiful and pathetic character. We defy any one who has a heart, to read the death of little Nell without shedding a tear. We are introduced to her when she is but a young and artless girl; and

even then we find her exercising those amiable and lovely qualities, which the good only possess. We follow her in her rambles with her helpless old grandfather, when she is faint from long journeying, and hunger, and care; when she is forced often beneath some wretched shanty, to seek refuge from the dampness of the midnight air, with perhaps little better than a stone for a pillow to her care-worn, yet lovely cheek. And when we find her troubles at an end, when her virtues have blessed her with so many true, kind friends; when she is loved and happy, she suddenly is snatched away by the ruthless hand of death, and laid a lifeless corpse beneath the green sod, where her love of solitude had won her so often and so lately to stray, in all the beauty of youthful bloom. How cruel is her fate!

"The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket!"

Poor Smikes' tale calls also for the tear of sympathy, and bids

"The honest soul run over at the eye."

Mr. Dickens excels in the descriptive. In this, he has been likened to our own Irving. The same ease and placidness of description is characteristic of both. At the same time that Mr. Dickens is minute in painting the appearance of his scenes, he is not too much so. He never wearies. There is in every picture a resemblance to some scene in which the reader himself has acted; and, at the same time that he recognizes it as old acquaintances, it has something novel about it—for it appears to him as if after a long absence. Thus it is with the well described Christmas in the *Pickwick Club*—one of the most hearty and natural that we recollect to have ever read—where good humor reigns triumphant—where one is transported, in imagination, to the cheerful fire-side of his own dear home, where, as Thompson well hath it,

"To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst awhile
Walks his dull round —————
————— or the quiet dice
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romping Miss
Is haul'd about in gallantry robust."

To a description of a night, in one of the manufacturing villages of England, we next beg attention. We cannot forbear transcribing it, as its power and eloquence needs no encomium.

"But night time in this dreadful spot!—night, when the smoke was changed to fire; when every chimney spirited up its flame; and places that had been dark vaults all day, now shone red-hot, with figures moving to and fro their blazing jaws, and calling to one another with hoarse cries—night, when the noise of every strange machine was aggravated by the darkness; when the people near them looked wilder and more savage; when bands of unemployed laborers paraded in the roads, or clustered by torch-light round their leaders, who told them, in stern language, of their wrongs, and urged them on to frightful cries and threats; when maddened men, armed with sword and fire, spurning the tears and prayers of women who would restrain, rushed forth on errands of terror and destruction, to work no ruin half so surely as their own—night, when carts came rumbling by, filled with rude made coffins, (for contagious disease and death had been busy with the living crops;) when orphans cried and distracted women shrieked and followed in their wake—night, when some called for bread, and some for drink to drown their cares; and some with tears, and some with staggering feet, and some with bloodshot eyes, went brooding home—night, which, unlike the night that Heaven sends on earth, brought with it no peace, nor quiet, nor signs of blessed sleep,—who shall tell the terrors of the night to that young wandering child!"

In selecting instances to exhibit the peculiar merits of Mr. Dickens as an author, we have referred indiscriminately to the Pickwick Club, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, and the Curiosity Shop—thinking that we might the better execute our design. Of Barnaby Rudge we have said nothing, as its recent conclusion, and its appearing in those execrable "numbers," have caused it as yet to be perused by few. We have, however, had the good fortune to read it, and concur in the prevailing opinion, that it rivals in wit, power, and interest, any of its predecessors. Were we called upon to pronounce on the merits of our author's works, we confess we would be at a loss to say which we most admire. No one can read any of them without a smile and a tear. They are all pictures of *life*; and, like the well finished cartoons of Raphael, he must be a *connoisseur* indeed, who can pronounce on their respective excellencies.

It is Fielding who says that he "doubts not but the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears." This sentiment seems confirmed by the example of Metastasio, who is said to have been found weeping while writing his Olympiad—by Alfieri, who notes on the margin of one of his acts, that

he wrote it while shedding a flood of tears; and by numerous instances of the similar effect of enthusiasm, with which the biographies of distinguished authors abound. We believe this enthusiasm to be essential for the depicting of scenes which excite the tenderest sympathies, and touch the very soul of the reader; and it is from the powerful pathos which colors so highly the writings of Mr. Dickens—which throws about them such an irresistible attraction—which gives them such a *heart-charm*, that we cannot but judge the nature of their author to be refined, generous, and amiable, and influenced by and possessed of those philanthropic impulses and attributes, which do honor to humanity. And if there be one thing which should especially endear this man to the American public, it is the unprejudiced, liberal, and just light, in which, despite of English jealousy and libel, he appears to view our enlightened country.

We are conscious of not having done justice to the merits of our author. If, however, by our remarks, we may have caused one individual, of the many so unjustly prejudiced against him, to read any of his works, we shall congratulate ourselves on our success; for we know that we will have thrown in his way a book calculated to improve his head, better his heart, and incline him to seek virtue, and love it for itself. Class not his books with our ephemeral productions—they will live while there is an eye to read and a heart to feel. And had the world its Westminster, we would not hesitate to predict a conspicuous niche to commemorate the genius of Charles Dickens.

M. Y. T.

ΦΙΛΗΜΑΤΑ.

SUAVIUM* quum tu rapuisti labris,
Forte jucundum tibi tunc videtur:
Hanc tamen rosam esse memento acuto
Non sine senti!

OSCVLUM qui ferre alicui ausus unquam
Sordidi causâ obsequii, monebo
Impium te rem violare sacram
Et sine fructu!

Sed par est gemmae maculis carenti—
Corporis vinclis animo soluto—
Gaudium blandumque piumque, amici,
Quod BASTUM fert!

PAENE.

* Donatus, in his commentary on Terence, tells us that "*suavium*" denotes an impure kiss; "*osculum*" the kiss of respect; "*bastum*" the kiss of chaste affection.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

"History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page."

BYRON.

HISTORY is neither a mere narrative of facts to store the memory, nor a splendid picture-writing to amuse the fancy; its pages breathe a pure philosophy, whose deep and earnest teachings restore wavering confidence in the integrity of human nature, and felt aright will guide us safely through future doubt and peril. Repeated efforts, in every age, bear testimony to the earnestness with which the mind has sought the clue to this tangled web of life, and repeated failure has not dampened the zeal of the devoted followers of truth. Prejudice and theory are the twin rocks upon which multitudes have foundered; and while the nature of mind remains unchanged, it would be presumptuous even to hope that we may escape entirely the besetting sins of the German and the Englishman. Yet, since our country takes the van in the progress of intelligence, why may not some gifted American, untrammelled by European prepossessions, lay bare to the world the causes which have hitherto directed that advance—trace the origin and tendency of those mighty movements, which, but lately developed amid the whirl of revolutions, have now assumed some appearance of regular and constant progress—and reveal that *true* philosophy of history which circumstance and prejudice have so long disguised from the immediate actors in these scenes?

This view is no less vast than glorious; it is the panorama of existence, in which the selfish aims and passions of the individual, compelled by an unseen influence, ultimately subserve the interests of humanity, and bring to light new developments of those laws which have ever governed the career of man. These laws themselves are not so profound as to evade the search of any, who will, with earnest vigilance, retrace the steps of time. Ministers and kings, the laurels of the conqueror and the insignia of authority, have too long engrossed the attention of the historian. These are only upheld by the *feelings* they represent, the *opinions* upon which they rest. By observing the progress of ideas among a people, you possess a key to all the *outward* changes through which they pass; and by considering the science, the philosophy, the religion of a nation, from a knowledge of their habits of thought you can almost prophecy their ultimate form of government.

This, to some, will undoubtedly appear mere wild speculation. To minds so constituted, the fall of dynasties, the wreck of empires, the perpetual round of revolutions, offer insuperable objections against any such cheering prospect. They forget that centuries are but years in the progress of humanity, and the rise and fall of empires landmarks to note the advance of man toward the accomplishment of his destiny. As the clouds of tradition roll back from the distant past, we behold the Assyrian, Babylonian, Grecian, Roman, ignorantly, yet surely, preparing the way for the bright dawn of Christianity; while polytheism—born of superstition, refined by philosophy, until at last, with Socrates, is unfolded the unity of God—from the abstract character of its dogmas, its lack of sympathy with human nature, could only oppose to advancing truth the weapons of a lifeless religion, “a petrified form, from which the spirit had long since departed.” Persecutions did not spring from faith in paganism, but were themselves an acknowledgment of a want of confidence in that belief. The Cæsars felt the necessity of some common bond to unite an empire, in which the name of citizen had long ceased to be a talisman of power, while its confines were the limits of the civilization of the world. That common bond was the worship of themselves. Paganism persecuted from motives of political expediency; the Christian suffered as an enemy to the State. Constant testifies, that “Galerias, one of the most ferocious enemies of Christianity, finished a writing in which he accorded a temporary toleration to its followers, by requesting them to intercede for him with the Divinity whom they adored.”

The dominion of the Imperial City, necessary for the introduction of the tenets of the Nazarene, was not necessary for the progress of man. Its government involved every evil incident to an absolute despotism, without any of its corresponding mitigations, and its subjects reaped the legitimate fruits of tyranny in a degree so abject, that not even a knowledge of their true relations to God and the universe, could inspire them with a consciousness of the real dignity of human nature. Nothing but an infusion of the sturdy spirit of northern independence could have preserved the moral world from perpetual stagnation. A torpor whose depth can only be estimated by a glance at the condition of the Eastern Empire, “where we find,” in the language of one of the most brilliant of modern writers, “that a polished society, a society in which an intricate and elaborate system of jurisprudence was established, in which the arts of luxury were well understood, in which the works of the great

ancient writers were preserved and studied, existed for nearly a *thousand years*, without making one great discovery in science, or producing one book which is read by any but curious inquirers." Ought we not to thank the hosts of Scandinavia that we are not the sufferers from this terrible stagnation of thought? Though almost every vestige of the Roman Empire perished, yet its destroyers brought with them the germs of modern civilization. No writer has exhibited with greater clearness and beauty the gradual development of these germs—the slow, yet certain action of the causes of this advance—than the acute and philosophic Guizot.

The feudal system resembled that of an encamped army. It was the natural offspring of the situation of the invaders, and accomplished all that could be expected from the character of the age. Each noble enjoyed nearly every privilege of independence, subject only to the trivial restraints of a military tenure. The middle ages were the "alembic" in which the elements of modern freedom were first moulded by the fury of controversy, and the mutual attrition of opposing interests. Prince, Priest, and Noble contended for supremacy. The crusades by which Europe was precipitated upon Asia, although resulting necessarily from the spirit of the times, were yet urged forward by the Church, and fostered by monarchs, as a sure means of destroying the isolated independence of the feudal lords, and affording by the centralization of society, an arena where the victory must of necessity be most speedily decided. The Church apparently triumphed; monarchy almost grasped the sceptre of absolute power; while the revival of letters, the dawn of science, the deeper tones in which the mind demanded freedom, carried no note of warning to the ear of those most interested in the final issue of the *Protestant Reformation*. The curtain rose upon a new act in the grand drama of man's history,—an act involving consequences not even imagined in the wildest dreams of its originators.

Those who expect to find in this declaration of spiritual independence the *immediate* occasion of *civil* liberty, are doomed to disappointment. After the first convulsive struggles, absolute authority securely riveted its fetters, and continental Europe awaited in sullen calm the terrible agony of the French Revolution, in order to secure that freedom, the gradual, yet certain progress of which they had long watched in its island home. The power of *standing armies*, and the absence of any "middle class," enabled the European kings to consolidate that species of military monarchy, of which the reign of Louis XIV. was

the fitting type; while the pressure of public opinion was the only barrier England ever presented to the progress of advancing liberty.

To trace that change in public sentiment, which resulted in the Commonwealth, or the causes of that reaction which reinstated Charles, would be but a trite narration of well known facts. Yet this very reaction has furnished to some an argument against the possibility of ascertaining with precision the laws that direct the progress of man. Aristocratic writers apprehend destruction in every change; those of the democratic school expect a republic to spring full-formed from every convulsion, while the progress of humanity, like the tide of the ocean, apparently receding as it advances, unlike that tide, in reality knows no ebb. England merely desired a constitutional form of government. The prejudice of ages cannot be overthrown in a day. Cromwell preferring the name of Protector to that of Benefactor, deferred for thirty years a revolution, the object of the ardent hopes of four fifths of the entire nation. The effect of Cromwell's conduct seems never to have been rightly estimated. The people of Great Britain ever hated the power of the French; no constitutional king *could* have aided Louis in the formation of the "Grand Monarch," while thirty years of comparative freedom at that critical period, unveils a scene upon whose brilliancy imagination loves to dwell. The liberties of England date from the accession of the Prince of Orange. The balance of the three orders—if that can be called a *balance* where the aristocracy elected more than one half of the House of Commons—was firmly secured by the bill of rights, the second magna charta of the Englishman. Tories at the present day appear to think that in this act human ingenuity was exhausted; and would have the world to stand and gaze with becoming awe upon this structure of modern wisdom. Meanwhile the people, ignorant, alas! of the blessings they already possessed, unsatisfied with the tender mercies of the aristocracy, took back into their hands that power which they had unconsciously yielded, and by the adoption of the reform bill, forever sealed their claim to predominance in the halls of legislation.

Such is the present aspect of Great Britain. The graphic and eloquent Bancroft—our own elegant historian—has too vividly pictured the progressive advancement of free principles in our happy country, not to render any mention of America, too trite for this brief outline. But while the island queen trod the path of democracy with slow and cautious steps, far other-

wise was the change in the despotic monarchies of the continent. The morning of freedom dawned in blood. Man, maddened by tyranny, wreaked on his fellow-man a vengeance, the hoarded wrath of which had been accumulating through long centuries of oppression and debasement. The horrors of the reign of terror blasted the hopes of nearly every enlightened friend of liberty; while the perverted genius of Napoleon—first the preserver of France, next ambitious of the dominion of the world—united despotism and freedom in one common effort for self-preservation. Burke abandoned the cause of the rights of man. Even Americans lost confidence in the permanent progress of humanity. But the mind of the philosopher, illumined by the light of history, confiding in the ultimate triumph of the democratic principle, awaited with serenity that calm which our favored fortune has permitted *us* to behold. The French Revolution has not yet been completed; the calamities of war may again startle Europe, but the tide of public sentiment gathering power as it advances, *must* sweep onward to oblivion those feeble barriers, whose sole support lies in the time-worn traditions of the past. Order has arisen from chaos. The result of the Spanish struggle, the constitutions of Germany, the revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty in Belgium and France, declare in no dubious accents the present tendency of continental Europe.

With such facts meeting the eye at every turn, is it not truly a matter of astonishment, that writers of acknowledged intelligence, men of extended views and candid judgment upon almost every other subject, should be found expressing opinions so utterly at variance with the obvious teachings of experience, so diametrically opposed to the direct tendency of the present age? Yet the supporters of such opinions are crowding the shelves of every library. The noble effort of the Spaniards to obtain from Ferdinand their first constitution, is denominated by Alison another "revival of the Hydra;" while Schlegel feels much relieved at the success of the Reformation, by dwelling upon the striking resemblance between this event and the widespread delusion of the prophet of Mecca. "Surely no one," he remarks, "can consider the present aspect of the Reformation any proof of its permanency, when he reflects that the great *Mohammedan* heresy, which, more than any other, destroys and obliterates the divine image stamped upon the human soul, has stood its ground for nearly twelve hundred years." The latter, speaking of the European system of the balance of power, talks mysteriously concerning dynamic influences, and escapes the stubborn logic of facts, under a heavy fire of metaphysics;

the former, regards a balance of kings, lords, and commons, as the Ultima Thule of all government, the last device of the wisdom of man. Those who embrace a theory of this kind, are no more fitted to appreciate the order and grandeur of advancing intelligence, than are the blind to discourse learnedly upon the varied colors of the spectrum.

The whole difference between a narrow and a comprehensive mind, lies in the obvious circumstance that the one, seizing upon the first idea which presents itself, defends it with the most indomitable obstinacy, while the other scrutinizes evidence, balances testimony, and only rests satisfied with inferences deduced after the most rigorous investigation. Not that a comprehensive intellect is the highest order of talent, for an ordinary capacity may be expanded by art, but a *creative* genius is the priceless gift of Heaven. In the spirit of democracy lies the secret of the present aspect of mankind. Would the patriot secure the blessings of peace, and elevate the condition of his race? All may be accomplished, not by opposing, but by directing this unchanging law; not by lamentations over the shattered wrecks of past institutions, not by sneers at the awkwardness of this new-born giant; but in laying for government a foundation, deep-fixed in the character of a people, relying for its security neither upon theory nor prescription, but on the more ennobling affections of our common nature. How exalted is the position of the statesman of the nineteenth century! He stands amid the ruined structures of the past, while the clear light of liberty has just dawned upon the world. For him has been reserved the glorious yet perilous task of remodeling society, for him a vital share in the gradual regeneration of man. Faith, unbending faith in human nature, is the only beacon of safety amid the stormy sea of human passion. Though the strife of party zeal and the fury of demagogues may lead us to doubt for a moment the permanency of this Republic; yet a single glance at the world's history, a single thought of the present height of intelligence, will assure the most disheartened, that, notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of the present, we have yet entered upon a new era, whose future influence will be commensurate with the existence of time itself. Every *such* view of relations of the past, strengthens the love of principle, by impressing us with its results—lends vigor to action by placing consequences in bold relief—gives an assurance in the moral world analogous to that which a knowledge of the laws of nature confers on the physical, and tells us, with the certainty of experience, that the Philosophy of History is but a record of the Providence of God.

M. W.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

"Prose, poetry, history, novels, from the highest to the lowest, ought to share the same fate with subjects laid prone on the table of our schools of anatomy."

BLACKLOCKE.

It is no easy matter to find anything to review now-a-days; first, because there are few books written worth reviewing, and secondly, because it is now the fashion to review books *prospectively*, i. e. before they are published—an operation which of course can only be performed by the author's friends, who thus forestall the public, and monopolize the chair of criticism. The critic, therefore, who desires a fair field in which to exercise his powers, must go back to the days of old, when as yet reviews and reviewers were not, or if they were, only existed "like angels' visits," &c. &c. Here he may "plume his wing for a higher flight and a nobler quarry," without being "hawked at" by any "mousing owl," and stretch his pinions to their full extent, without being jostled in his flight by clamorous daws or ravenous vultures.

But there are other reasons which render the choice of the retrospective reviewer more eligible. Personal, party, or sectarian feelings, are apt to intrude themselves upon the better judgment of the critic who undertakes to decide on the merits of a recent publication. Could Blackwood do justice to Miss Martineau, or the Southern Literary Messenger to Dr. Channing, or Captain Marryatt to N. P. Willis? As soon might we expect the collected waters of the mighty lakes to pause on the verge of Niagara's awful precipice, and flow backward from its brink. But when the author and his critics belong to different periods, and their various feuds and enmities are consequently unconnected with each other, especially when, as in the present case, the name of the former is unknown to the latter, being lost in remote antiquity, the reviewer can decide impartially, and therefore more correctly, on the merits of the work before him, and give the author thereof his just due.

The poem which we have now to consider, is one of unknown origin, but clearly of ancient date. It is as follows:

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich."

Brief as this poem is, it is, nevertheless, an undoubted *epic*, since it includes the essential parts of one, viz: a *hero*, an *action*, and a *catastrophe*. It has, also, notwithstanding its brevity, afforded much matter of discussion for commentators, inasmuch as the subjects of which it treats, however familiar they may have been at the time when it was written, are now, unfortunately, little known or understood.

We are first introduced to our hero, "The man in the moon." There is here to be found, in some copies, a different reading, viz: "A man in the moon." But this version is clearly a wrong one, and unsupported by any competent authorities. Our hero is no vulgar individual—no nameless Lunarian—but *the man* in the moon, *par excellence*, the chief ruler—the sovereign potentate of the moon—a personage who, *ex-officio*, must be a character of no small importance.

Equally erroneous is the opinion of others, who suppose, from the application of the definite article to our hero, that he is the only intelligent inhabitant of our satellite. For we are informed by the erudite and veracious Diedrick Knickerbocker, and other equally grave and potent authorities, that the Lunarians are a mighty and learned people. An account of some of their peculiarities may be found in the fifth chapter of the said Diedrick.

We are aware that a third hypothesis has been advanced, still more erroneous and unfounded than either of the preceding. It is that "the man in the moon" is not a *real*, but an *allegorical* personage, and that, therefore, the whole transaction of his "coming down," &c. must be regarded as an allegory, intended perhaps, they suggest, to represent the descent of science upon the earth, and its early persecutions.* But this is a most strange and unwarranted opinion. We know of but one authority who has been adduced in support of the man in the moon's nonentity, viz: Butler, who says of Sidrophel,

"He could demonstrate that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean,
And that it is no dog or ———,
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea or lake,
With arms, which men for *legs* mistake."

* It has become fashionable, of late, to explain every thing by allegory. Thus, the French critics have endeavored to convert the majestic Iliad into a mere allegorical fable, and the Universalists have laid hands on the Bible itself, and sought to explain away, in like manner, the denunciations against the wicked, which it contains.

But what does this prove? Who entertained this opinion? Not Butler, nor even his hero, Hudibras, but Sidrophel, the empirical astrologer, the notorious humbug, whom the author takes every occasion to ridicule. If Butler represents such a man as believing, and trying to prove, that the man in the moon was no man in the moon, but, on the contrary, a sea in the moon, or an allegory, it affords a very strong reason for the supposition, that he himself was of the opposite opinion.

Again, we have on the other side a host of weighty authorities. Diedrick Knickerbocker has already been mentioned. Sands, in that graphic and Wadsworth-like poem, wherein he narrates the adventures of Daniel Rook, the famous traveler, who

"Went up to the moon,
And came down again full soon,"

represents the man in the moon as having qualities, and performing actions, which can be attributed only to a real man.

"Then the man in the moon came out,
He picked his teeth and he looked about;
'Mr. Daniel Rook,' said he,
'Good morning, what do you want with me?'"

A writer in Blackwood describes his appearance thus:

"He waddled forth in gay conspicuous style,
With hands in breeches pockets stuck so gay."

But it is needless to multiply authorities. Enough has been said to prove, to the satisfaction of every impartial reader, that "the man in the moon" is no creature of allegory, but a real, substantial being, a mighty potentate, sovereign ruler of the planet which he inhabits. Pass we then from our hero to the action which he is represented as performing.

We are told that he "came down." A very simple expression this, and yet one which has given rise to much discussion. For the question naturally arises, *how* did the man in the moon come down? The distance between the earth and moon is by no means inconsiderable, and other obstacles "too tedious to mention," lie in the way of this famous Catabasis, which his lunar majesty is declared to have performed.

It is generally conceded that the Lunarians have made advances in science far beyond anything ever attained to on this earth. Hence they may be enabled by their superior skill and knowledge to construct machines, of which we can form no idea. It is to be remembered, also, that in the opinion of many distinguished astronomers the moon has no atmosphere. If this be the case, one great difficulty is at once removed. It has been

suggested that the descent of the man in the moon may have been involuntary, that he may by incautiously approaching one of the lunar volcanoes, have been projected out of the sphere of the moon's attraction into the earth's, as is supposed to be the case with meteoric stones. But this supposition is evidently without foundation, for we are told in the very next line, that he came down voluntarily, and for a special purpose, nay, "to inquire the way to Norwich."

Why he wished to "inquire the way to Norwich," we are not informed. Perhaps Norwich was at that time famous for its *savans*,* and the Selenian potentate wished to consult them on some scientific point, or he may have desired in his benevolence to impart to them some important information, or Norwich may have been distinguished for its caucusses and conventions, and the mighty monarch of the moon may have sought to obtain explicit information respecting the different political theories in vogue upon our earth, and the nature and practical operation of its various kinds of government. The Lunarians are known to be great politicians.

It has been asked, why should the man in the moon be obliged to *inquire* the way. Might he not, while suspended over the earth, have marked the precise spot where Norwich stood, and descended directly upon it? To this it may be answered, that his majesty having never before visited the earth, could not recognize Norwich, and might pass immediately over it, without being aware of his proximity to the wished-for place. Great as his knowledge was, it was not unlimited. "*Non omnes omnia possumus*," is a maxim which applies as well to the mighty sovereign of the lunar sphere, as to any of us poor sublunary mortals.

But how briefly and pathetically is the touching catastrophe revealed—he came "too soon." He had erred in his calculations. The terrestrials were not ready to receive their illustrious visitor. They had not yet become sufficiently learned to give him the desired information, or to appreciate that which he would have given them. A veil is drawn over his final destiny, and we are left in ignorance whether he fell a victim to the barbarity of the strangers whom he had condescended to honor with the light of his countenance, or whether he succeeded in effecting a retreat to his native planet.

Thus ends our narrative: an instructive moral may be drawn from it. We can picture to ourselves the man in the moon re-

* It has been suggested that for "Norwich" we should read "Greenwich," a conjecture that deserves attention.

solving to descend to the earth, with good motives probably, but without sufficient reasons to warrant so dangerous a journey. We say without sufficient reasons, for it is evident from the catastrophe that he underwent the toils and dangers of the way to no purpose—"omnis labor effusus est," he "came down too soon," as the poet has beautifully expressed it. We can imagine the Lunarian sages and counselors imploring him to desist from this visionary undertaking, and representing the exposed and helpless condition of their loved planet, if left without a ruler, and exposed to distraction and civil war. We can hear them urging the unconstitutionality, and the dangerous precedent of such a measure, and respectfully insinuating that a monarch who abandons his realm and his faithful subjects, and flies upon a wild-goose-chase to a distant planet, is either lamentably ignorant, or culpably negligent of the duties of a sovereign. But the man in the moon is deaf to all their entreaties. He construes the constitution "as he understands it," like other great reformers of the present day. He delights in "experiments" and "untried expedients," and accordingly he "takes the responsibility," and sets upon this "exploring expedition" without paying the slightest regard to the suggestions of his trusty counselors. The consequence is already known to the reader. He "came down too soon," and doubtless regretted, when it was too late, that he had not given a timely ear to the wishes of his court and people. Over his ultimate fate, as has been stated, an impenetrable veil is drawn, but whether he perished in this lower world, or returned ingloriously *re infectâ* to his disconsolate subjects, his fate is equally to be pitied, and affords a melancholy and instructive lesson to all potentates and rulers.

 EDITORS' TABLE.

WITH all love and respect for our correspondents, we have a heavy sin to lay at the doors of many. Be not angry at our severity; and remember that the severest censure we may throw upon any contributions offered in good faith, is but a gentle hint to be more careful in the future. The pages of the Magazine are not open to the careless scribbles of a few hasty moments. We do verily believe, some are of the impression that any old stand-by, good for nothing else in the world, will, by some good chance, suit the Magazine. What a delusion! Such only serve to increase our perplexities, and the irritating must expect to be most woefully irritated.

Just look at the pile before us! Sad wrecks of immortal mind! Doomed to destruction! Living witnesses of the truth that immortality is the price only of much labor.

The essay on "The Sources of the Emotion of the Sublime," is particularly fine. We have not room, as we could wish, to make quotations from this sublime and beautiful writer. He is beautiful; just diffuse enough to delight the fancy, yet not verbose; and of sufficient precision to express, clearly and definitely, his meaning.

Nor does the author deal in grave abstractions; his mind and style is perfectly fitted to the subject; we cannot conceive of one more so. He is of remarkable genius; like genius, despising the fetters of such a narrow, plodding mind as Burke, he soars with freedom, and has struck out at once a new and sublime pathway. We have been long in want of something of the kind in our schools and academies of learning, to supply the deficiencies of Kame and Burke, &c. We cannot conceive how one can read this author, and not feel that he had been himself transferred into a poet. For our part our soul swelled with emotions big, and broke forth in earnest longings:

"O for the wings of a dove,
To soar away to regions above."

Indeed, he is the very personification of the "aesthetic;" and we are now but little inclined to doubt further, that this is the true realization of the poetical—the only true principle in nature—the great "divine idea."

"The Life, Times, and Writings of General George Washington," is a work of merit. Many new and interesting facts are here, for the first time, revealed. The author has, with great labor and assiduity, gathered much new material. Our American people certainly cannot be too grateful, that he has, for the first time, given an accurate account of the days of his birth and death, by his own diligent search, found recorded in the family Bible of Washington, never looked into by previous biographers. Our author, too, has afforded us the pleasing information, that Washington was a great man, of most excellent character. My fellow countrymen! read this work when published, and sound aloud the praises of Washington. Let not the name of so worthy a patriot remain any longer without his due praise. Transcribe from this noble author some of the gems, with which his style sparkles, to the glory of our hero, and set them up in golden letters upon your walls.

But here is another work, awaiting publication—On "National Character." It is a learned discourse, I tell you, gentlemen, abounding in rich, deep thought. Our author plays not upon the surface of things. He plunges deep into the ocean of truth, nor satisfies himself with the light timber that dances upon the waves; he dives far down to the very bottom of things, and brings up pearls that glisten with worth, when brought to light. It is astonishing how far back into the dark profound of past ages he ventured, and from the great confusion of musty rolls and worm-eaten parchments, has gathered so much information. What a wonderful age is this! not even dark antiquity is secure from the gaze of keen-eyed curiosity!

Ah! but here is a work on the "Influence of Mythology upon Poetry." Good! dear author, right good! extremely good! But really the subject is so novel, and the thoughts so *startingly* novel, that no one would venture to publish them through fear of being mistaken for maniacs, and imprisoned accordingly.

"Hignapiota," and "Sorrow for the Dead," are under consideration.

There may be wit in "Pipeology," but really we could find none.

We hardly think that "Galileo" can interest our readers in its present shape.

"Algernon Sydney," we bid thee farewell.

"Alexander Hamilton" has been treated cruelly.

"Aaron Burr" is too much a party man.

Alas! for "The fate of London."

"Song," "Stanzas," "Lines to Eliza," "The Dream," and other non-poeticals, are where they ought to be.

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